

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXVIII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1899.

NUMBER 19

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## Cheer Your Fellow-man.

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled, An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world, Go up an' slap him on the back, an' holler, "How d'you do?" An' grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you; Then ask him what's a hurtin' him, an' laugh his cares away. An' tell him that the darkest night is just before the day; Don't talk graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud, That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain; Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain, And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smiling sky. So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores Because the Lord's opinion don't coincide with yours. But always keep rememberin', when cares your path enshroud, That God has lots of sunshine to spill be- hind the cloud. —James Whitcomb Riley.

## MAN OF ACTION.

John Desmond awoke at 3 in the morning and tossed about in his bed. Within him a fierce struggle between the brain and the heart was in progress. He employed every scheme that he was aware of to court or compel sleep without success.

Suddenly the truth dawned upon him, like a flood of soft warm light. He was in love. The loves of his life compared with which all his past loves were mere idle fancies. The battle was over. John Desmond, thirty, lawyer, athlete, man of the world, was in love.

Being a man of action, Desmond no sooner acknowledged to himself that he really was in love with Kate Evanston than he resolved to marry her at the earliest possible day.

Kate Evanston was seated at the piano in the drawing room of Mrs. Saulsbury's beautiful home, where she was employed as companion to the lady of the house. The rich light of a middle May evening pervaded the place.

Her fingers were softly bringing back memories of "Erminie" and other Casino delights as her thoughts traveled back over the past.

After a time she arose from the piano, and picking up anumber of photographs of John Desmond's friends that lay upon the table, seated herself upon a sofa with her back to the door and proceeded to contemplate each of them.

Desmond returning home early that evening, let himself into his aunt's house very quietly with his latchkey, hoping to catch Kate at the piano, in the middle of one of the sweet airs he had grown of late to love.

He approached the great drawing room doors and took a peep through the crevice which separated them. In an instant his heart seemed to cease beating with almost electrical suddenness, for the sight which his saddened brain encountered filled him with rage and jealousy.

With a heart of ice and lead, he was about to turn to leave the house as noiselessly as he had entered, when the sinking sun shot a ray of light through the room and revealed something which made the blood course faster through his body than it had ever coursed before. Then he turned away, and, closing the door very softly behind him, descended the front steps of the house and passed down the street.

Mrs. Salisbury and Miss Evanston were at their dessert that evening before John appeared. He had left word in the morning that he might be detained until a late hour, and so they had not waited dinner for him.

Mrs. Salisbury noticed that her nephew seemed to be laboring under considerable restraint and bluntly asked him the cause; but the good body's solicitude met only with evasion and she presently gave up all attempts to draw anything from him and retired early to her room, leaving John and Kate together.

No sooner had Mrs. Salisbury quitted the dining-room than Desmond turned to Kate and said: "Miss Evanston, I'm going to ask you to do me a favor."

Kate looked at him inquisitively. "I want you," he continued, "to

accompany me on a bit of a shopping tour, I've got a peculiar mission to execute and I want your help. Will you do it?"

"To be sure. I shall be most happy, Mr. Desmond," Kate answered, "and if you'll excuse me I'll be prepared in a very few minutes."

The streets were dark by the time they left the house for the shopping quarter of the town, and Kate took Desmond's arm. They had walked for a few moments in silence when Desmond said:

"I want to explain this errand to you and no doubt you, too, will think it peculiar. As a matter of fact, I've been commissioned to arrange for the wedding of two very dear friends."

"Two couples," Kate asked, quietly.

"Why, no! only one couple; a man and a woman," John answered, somewhat puzzled at the question.

"And was she a very dear friend?" the girl on his arm asked.

"Yes; the dearest friend I ever had among women; in fact, the only woman I ever really cared for."

In a moment John was half glad he had said this, for he felt the little hand of his companion withdraw until only the tips of the fingers rested upon his arm.

"That's a good sign," he mused. For a moment nothing was said; then Miss Evanston broke the silence. "And didn't she care for you?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. She loved me and she still loves me.

better of her judgment and she asked: "And the man—you say he's a dear friend, too?"

"Yes," replied Desmond, "the only one I ever trusted absolutely."

"And does he know that you love her and that she loves you?"

"He knows absolutely that I love her and he is mighty certain that she loves me."

Kate was now thoroughly mystified. "And which of them asked you to arrange for the wedding?" she asked.

"He did," replied John curtly. Kate could only say: "Well, this mission, as you term it, certainly is inexplicable."

"Oh, no, it isn't," said John. "It will all seem quite simple when the explanation comes, if any is needed. In fact, I think it will explain itself. Just you keep those eyes of yours open and you'll see it all very shortly."

Presently John touched his companion slightly on the arm and drew her into the shop of the village jeweler.

"Now, I want you to pick out the kind of a wedding ring you think the bride should get," he said.

When he had paid and pocketed the plain gold band they resumed their walk down the village street and stopped at the local office of a great metropolitan daily, and Desmond, leaving Kate at one side, went up to the desk and wrote out a brief notice and was about leaving with her, when the advertising clerk called after him and said that he had not told him when he wished the notice inserted.

"Why, to-morrow, of course," Desmond replied.

"Now, then," said John, as they turned into a side street, "we'll go and make arrangements for the parson to tie the knot and then we will have finished our mission."

They turned into the gravel walk leading to the Rev. John Barclay's house and had just reached the vineclad porch, when Desmond stopped suddenly, as if he had but that moment thought of an important thing and, turning to Katie, who was standing close to him, almost whispered: "I want to ask another favor of you," bending his face close to hers, "I want you to let me kiss you before we go in there." And it was done in a moment.

Before Kate could recover from the perfect amazement into which John's action had thrown her, he had dexterously drawn her arm through his and, leading her up the steps, had rung the door bell.

The Rev. Mr. Barclay answered the metallic summons in person and gave John a most cordial welcome, which surprised Kate, for

she had supposed John an agnostic and didn't think that he numbered any of the clergy among his intimates.

"Mr. Barclay," began John, when they had entered the snug parlor, where the good gentleman's wife was seated doing some fancy work, "I've come over to-night to arrange for a wedding and I want you to perform the ceremony."

"When is it to come off?" asked the clergyman, consulting a small date book which he drew from his waistcoat pocket.

"Immediately," said John.

The Rev. Mr. Barclay cast a quiet glance at Kate.

"And who are the parties to be married?" he asked.

John took Kate's hand in his own and answered firmly: "This lady, Miss Kate Evanston, and myself."

Kate could not believe her ears. She stared at John in amazement. He hastened to reassure her.

"You're excited, my dear Kate. Calm yourself."

The whole truth had come to her. The explanation of the mysterious errand was solved. She looked into John's eyes and read love unspeakable and her own answered in kind. She went through the ceremony like one in a dream, and feared it was a dream and hoped if it were she would never awaken.

The parson tied the knot, and John slipped the ring which Kate had selected upon her finger, and then the parson insisted upon his obligatory perquisite, and then they started for home, both supremely happy. All the way back Kate clung strongly to John's arm.

Before they had quite left the parson's house, John said to her:

"Why did you want to kiss me before we went into house?"

"I'll tell you," returned John, promptly. "You see Barclay and I were classmates. I know his propensities, and I didn't want to suffer the reflection in after years that years that he had kissed my wife first."

When the happy couple reached their home, Kate said:

"You are the most audacious man I ever met. You bought the ring and even inserted a notice of our marriage before you asked me to marry you. Tell me why you did not ask me first? How did you know I'd not refuse to marry you and make a scene in the minister's house?"

And Desmond answered: "When a man of action sees a girl kissing his picture, he knows that the time for action, not words, has come, and he carries her off to the parson."

Kate blushed furiously, and pressing her face against his shoulder, whispered ever so low: "I love an audacious man." —Chicago Daily News.

## THE LITTLE CURATE.

The curate and Miss Edmiston were walking down the main street of the village engaged in conversation, which, being that of a recently affianced pair, need not here be repeated.

Miss Edmiston carried herself with an air of pretty dignity, made none that less apparent by the fact that she was fully two inches taller than her lover, the Rev. John St. John. He was a thin, wiry little man, dark haired and pale complexioned, and was much troubled in his daily walk with a certain unconquerable shyness. That he should have won the heart of handsome Nancy Edmiston was a matter for surprise and discussion among the residents in Broxbourne.

"Such a very uninteresting young man!" said the maiden ladies over their afternoon tea.

"So ridiculously retiring! How did he ever come to propose?" remarked the mothers whose daughters assisted in giving woman an overwhelming and not altogether unmeted majority in Broxbourne society.

The men, on the other hand voted St. John a good sort, and his parishioners, in their rough ways, owned to his manly qualities.

"You're a dear little girl, Nancy," the curate was stammering, looking up at his beloved, when they were both stopped short on the narrow pavement. A burly workman was engaged in chastis-

ing a small boy with a weapon in the shape of a stout leather belt. The child screamed, and the father presumably cursed.

"Stop!" cried the curate.

The angry man merely scowled and raised the strap for another blow. St. John laid a detaining hand on the fellow's arm the temerity of which caused the latter such surprise that he loosened his grip for a moment, and the youngster fled howling up an alley.

"What the"—spluttered the bully, dancing round the curate, who seemed to shrink nearer to his sweetheart.

"Let us go, dear," he said. He had grown white and was trembling.

At this juncture two of the workman's cronies appeared at the door of the alehouse opposite and, seeing how matters stood, crossed the road and, with rough hands and soothing curses, conducted their furious friend from the scene.

"Horrible!" sighed the curate as the lovers continued their walk.

Miss Edmiston's head was held a trifle higher. "If I were a man," she said, "I would have thrashed him. I would indeed."

"You think I should have punished him then?" said the curate mildly. "He was a much larger man than I, you know."

Nancy was silent. She was vaguely but sorely disappointed in her lover. He was not exactly the hero she had dreamed of. How white and shaky he had turned!

"You surely did not expect me to take part in a street row, Nancy," he said presently, somehow suspecting her thoughts. He knew her reply.

"So you think I acted in a cowardly fashion?" he questioned after a chill pause.

"I don't think your cloth is an excuse anyhow," she blurted out suddenly and cruelly. The next instant she was filled with shame and regret. Before she could speak again, however, the curate had lifted his hat and crossing the street. An icy "Goodbye!" was all he vouchsafed her.

Mr. St. John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some distance out of the village, and he had taken the short cut across the moor. It was a clear, summer afternoon, a week since his parting with Nancy. A parting in earnest it had been, for the days had gone by without meeting or communication between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his heart still burned fiercely. To have been called a coward by the woman he loved was a thing not likely to be forgotten. His recent visit, too, had been particularly trying. In his soul he felt that his words of comfort had been unreal; that, for all he had striven, he had failed in his mission to the bereaved mother. So he trudged across the moor with slow step and bent head, giving no heed to the summer beauties around him.

He was about half way home when his somber meditations were suddenly interrupted. A man rose from the heather, where he had been lying, and stood in the path, barring the curate's progress.

"Now, Mister Parson!" he said, with menace in his thick voice and bloated face.

"Good afternoon, my man," returned St. John, recognizing the brute of a week ago and turning as red as a turkey cock.

"I'll 'good afternoon' ye, Mister Parson! No! Ye don't pass till I'm done wi' ye!" cried the man, who was been drinking heavily, though he was too seasoned to show any unsteadiness in gait.

The curate drew back. "What do you want?" he asked. He was painfully white now.

"What do I want?" repeated the bully, following up the question with a volley of oaths that made the little man shudder. "I'll tell ye what I want. I want yer apology"—he fumbled with the word—"apology fer interfeerin' t'ween a father an' his kid. But I licked him more'n ever for yer blasted interfeerin'."

"You infernal coward!" exclaimed St. John.

His opponent gasped.

"Let me pass!" said the curate. "No, ye don't!" cried the other, recovering from his astonishment at hearing a strong word from the parson.

St. John gazed hurriedly about him. The path wound across the moor, through the green and purples of the heather, cutting a low hedge here and there and losing itself at last in the heat haze. They were alone.

The bully grinned. "I've got ye now!"

"You have indeed," said St. John, peeling off his black coat and throwing it on the heather. His soft felt hat followed. Then he slipped the links from his cuffs and rolled up his shirt sleeves, while his enemy gasped at his proceedings.

"Now, I'm, ready!" said the curate gently.

"Are ye goin' to fight?" burst out the other, looking at him as Goliath might have looked at David. "Come on, ye—"

But the foul word never passed his lips, being stopped by a carefully planted blow from a small but singularly hard fist. The little curate was filled with a wild, unholy joy. He had not felt like this since his college days. He thanked Providence for his friends, the Indian clubs and dumb bells, which had kept him in trim the past three years. The blood sang in his veins as he circled round Goliath, guarding the giant's brutal smashes and getting in a stroke when occasion offered. It was not long ere the big man found himself hopelessly outmatched; his wind was gone; his jaw was swollen, and one eye was useless. He made a blow at David: "Fartur pueri," caught him on the shoulder, feeling him to the earth. Now, surely, the victory was with the Philistine. But, no. The young man recoiled to his feet like a young sapling, and the next that Goliath knew was, ten minutes later, when he opened his available eye and found that his enemy was bending over him, wiping the stains from his face with a fine linen handkerchief.

"Feel better?" said the curate. "Well, I'm—" "Hush, man; it's not worth swearing about," interposed his nurse. "Now, get up."

He held out his hand and assisted the wreck to its feet.

"You'd better call at the chemist's and get patched up. Here's money."

The vanquished one took the silver and gazed stupidly at the giver, who was making his toilet.

"Please go away and don't thrash your boy any more," said St. John persuasively.

Goliath made a few steps, then retraced them, holding out a grimy paw. "Mister Parson, I'm—I'm—" "Don't say another word. Goodbye." And the curate shook hands with him.

The big man turned away. Presently he halted once more. "I'm beat!" he said. It had to come. Then he shambled homeward.

St. John adjusted his collar, gave his shoulder a rub and donned his coat and hat. As he started toward the village a girl came swiftly to meet him.

"Oh, John, John, you are splendid!" she gasped as she reached him. "I watched you from the hedge yonder."

"I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Edmiston," said the curate coldly, raising his hat and making to pass on.

Nancy started as though he had struck her. Her flush of enthusiasm paled out. In her excitement she had forgotten that event of a week ago, but the cutting tone of his voice reminded her. She bowed her head, and he went on his way. He had gone about 50 yards when she called his name. Her voice just reached him, but something in it told him that he had not suffered alone.

He turned about and hastened to her.—Exchange.

Nothing is more disgraceful than insincerity.—Cicero.

Good cheer is no hindrance to a good life.—Aristippus.

Agreeable advice is seldom useful advice.—Massillon.

## STATE OF OHIO.

### A Distinguished Deaf Visitor from Norway.

### PRAISE FOR THE COLLEGE.

#### Items of Interest.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 968 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Institution had the honor as well as the pleasure of entertaining the distinguished deaf-mute of Norway, the first of the week, Mr. Lars A. Havstad. He reached here direct from Chicago, Sunday evening. Superintendent Jones and Principal Patterson met him at the depot and brought him out to the Institution. He was given an impromptu reception in the library, where a number of deaf, some of them visitors from out of the city, had assembled for an evening chat. An hour or more was pleasantly spent in exchanging greetings and talk. The next morning, Mr. Patterson took him in charge and showed him through the schools and shops. At chapel, he addressed the pupils in writing, giving an account of his trip across the "big pond" and of his visits to schools in the east and in Chicago. He considered this, indeed, a great honor, never before the schools, for the far abroad both in the work accomplished, and the support given them by the State governments, of those in Europe. Fortunate, indeed, were the deaf of the United States, in having such provisions made for them. He was very glad to have the pleasure of coming over, and his receptions everywhere by the deaf, and those interested in them, had been royal. He stated he was going to Philadelphia, Washington and Boston, before recrossing the ocean, and asked if he should be allowed to take our greetings back to the deaf of Norway. It is needless to say that every hand went up, and emphasized by a clapping. He wrote several words in Norwegian on the slate, and then translated them into English much to the delight of all. He also gave the signs for several common words. Of course, they were different from those used here. His address was a treat enjoyed by all.

Later, Principal Patterson drove him to several of the State Institutions. At the Penitentiary, Mr. Havstad had an opportunity of taking a seat in the electrocution chair, but did not care to have the current turned on. He expressed admiration for the city and its public institutions, and considered its streets the finest paved he had yet seen.

The Gallaudet boys of the Institution entertained Mr. Havstad at dinner at the Neil in the evening. Superintendent Jones being one of the invited. The affair took place in the Ordinary of the hotel. Plates were laid for eight. Mr. Havstad having the place of honor, with Superintendent Jones on his right and Principal Patterson on his left. The others present were Messrs. McGregor, Greener, Schory, Charles and Zorn. The menu, a most excellent one of nine courses, was discussed for an hour or more. Then followed speech making Mr. Patterson opening it with "Our Guest." This he did in his characteristic manner, referring to the fact that the Norwegians, not Columbus, were the first to have set foot on the American Continent, that his friends were real glad to have him among them on this occasion. He referred to Superintendent Jones at the time of his taking charge of the Institution and the work he had accomplished in improving the condition of the Institution and the home life of the pupils, and hoped Mr. Havstad would carry back with him to his home pleasant memories of his visit to Columbus. Mr. Havstad responded as follows:

GENTLEMEN AND DEAR FRIENDS:—I was greatly surprised and in the most delight-

ful manner pleased at meeting so many of the Gallaudet College graduates in Columbus. Certainly it was a lucky thought to visit the Ohio Institution from where I shall bring back to Norway, the remembrance of meeting so many prominent deaf whom I may be permitted to call dear colleagues from a common *almo mater*. I am going to Washington, and if I may say so you prepare me for what I shall see there. But I cannot say that I, after meeting you, shall be able to take the visit more coolly. In fact, I feel rather weak in the knees, when I think upon the great achievements of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet and his collaborators. He resolved once to show the world that the deaf are able to reach the top of human ability. And he has shown it. The deaf fulfilled his expectations in the most splendid way. And here are their representatives and they let me see, in this city of Columbus, the shining examples of the Gallaudet College. When I deeply moved at your kindness, respond to the toast, I cannot do better than to laud the prosperity of the famed College for the Deaf of the United States. May it, prosper, and in the course of time prepare its deaf students for every branch of human knowledge and science—making them masters in them all, an honor to their country and to humanity.

Superintendent Jones responded to the toast "The Ohio Institution." He spoke in signs, and did it most approvingly. He referred to Mr. Havstad's visit, and said the Institution felt it not only an honor but a pleasure to have such a distinguished foreign deaf gentleman visit it. He spoke of his work here, and did not claim all the praise, but said that his success was partly due to his collaborators. He begged Mr. Havstad to convey back to his home with him the well wishes of those with him this evening for the uplifting of the deaf of his country.

It was intended that others should speak, but the nearness for train time put a stop to it, so the boys accompanied Mr. Havstad to the train and bade him farewell. The occasion was a most pleasant one, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Cleveland public school for the deaf was opened Monday morning, at 1304 Wilson Avenue, with an attendance of about fifty pupils. Miss Katherine King will be in charge of it, with four assistants. One of the latter is Miss Minnie E. Morris, a graduate of Gallaudet College, and who last year taught in the North Dakota Institution.

It is proposed to start a house-keeping department, where pupils living at a distance can obtain their noon meal, also the car fare of these will be paid by the school in going and coming.

The Independents and a nine from the State bindery took turns at the bat, Saturday, with the result when it came to an end, 6 to 14 in favor of the former. In the morning the 2d Independents defeated the Eastern Stars, 7 to 5, in a game of seven innings.

The Sunday visitors here were Messrs. Gibson, Siegfried, Philpot and Grim, of Akron; Lowther and McGraw, of Cincinnati, and Benedict, of Massillon.

Mr. Grim is a graduate of the Michigan School, and has a case in the Werner Printing establishment.

"Picnic," well, that word is much spelled nowadays, especially since the committee having in charge the arrangements thereof, held a meeting Monday. It has not been determined yet where it will be held, nor the time, the latter depending upon the kind of weather we are favored with from now on.

The Library was turned into the Superintendent's office this week, the house cleaners having charge of the regular office. The Steward's office and public parlor were also in their hands. Clerk Kennedy had a lot of old office books, vouchers ten and fifteen years old, and of no use whatever, on his hands, and did not know what to do with them. We suggested the furnace as the proper place, and he thought that about right.

The Institution mail is now quite heavy, since the sending out, last week, of notices to parents concerning the date of the closing of school, and Principal Patterson's work correspondingly increased in arranging the replies.

Robert Holmes is for the present employed in the Chronicle office, setting up reports of the Alumni Association meetings.

May 6, '99. A. B. G.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1899.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.  
One copy, one year, \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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Station M, New York City.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

A FINE cloth-bound book has been received through the courtesy of the Volta Bureau, entitled "Marriages of the Deaf in America," by Edward Allen Fay, Vice-President and Professor of Languages in Gallaudet College, and Editor of the *American Annals of the Deaf*. It embraces over five hundred octavo pages, mostly in tabulated form, giving statement of marriages and offspring wherein one or both parents were deaf, discriminating between the congenitally deaf, the adventitiously deaf, and consanguineous marriages. The number of marriages considered aggregate 4,471. The questions which the inquiry is intended to settle are:—

1. Are marriages of deaf persons more liable to result in deaf offspring than ordinary marriages?

The answer is in the affirmative: "Marriages of deaf persons, one or both of the partners in marriage being deaf (taken as a whole, without regard to the character of the deafness) are far more liable to result in deaf offspring than marriages in which both of the partners are hearing persons."

This is qualified by the statement that it would be easy to collect statistics showing a much larger proportion of deaf children resulting from marriages in which both of the partners were hearing persons. But such marriages would therefore not afford a suitable basis of comparison.

On the other hand, the records show that marriages of deaf persons, one or both of the partners being deaf (taken as a whole, without regard to the character of the deafness) are more likely to result in hearing offspring than in deaf offspring.

Dr. Fay then explains that the terms "transmitted deafness" and "inherited deafness" are anomalies. What is transmitted is not deafness, but some anomaly of the auditory organs or nervous system. He concludes that the fact that a large majority of the children born to deaf parents can hear seems to accord with the law of heredity that the offspring tend to revert to the normal type.

2. Are marriages in which both of the partners are deaf more liable to result in deaf offspring than marriages in which one of the partners is deaf and the other a hearing person?

This question is answered in the negative. A smaller percentage of deaf children was born from marriages in which both of the partners were deaf than from marriages in which one of the partners was deaf and the other a hearing person.

Another conclusion reached is that in marriages of the adventitiously deaf, the proportion of deaf offspring to the number of deaf married persons is less where both of the partners were adventitiously deaf than where one of them was adventitiously deaf and the other a hearing person. The disparity in the percentage of deaf children born from the two classes of marriages of adventitiously deaf persons, is far greater than that from the two classes of marriages of congenitally deaf persons.

The most dangerous marriages are consanguineous marriages, as the liability to produce deaf offspring is very great.

The deaf should, therefore, beware of marrying blood relations; be

chary of marriage with deaf or hearing persons who have deaf relatives; it is safer for the congenitally deaf to marry the congenitally deaf than the hearing; there is very little liability to produce deaf offspring by the marriage of the adventitiously deaf with the adventitiously deaf.

The production of the book and the work of classifying the statistics has occupied almost all the leisure moments of Dr. Edward Allen Fay for six years, and has been with him only a labor of love. He acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who, as soon as he learned of the work being prosecuted, placed at Dr. Fay's disposal the resources of the "Volta Fund," a sum which he had set apart a short time before for the increase and diffusion of knowledge relating to the deaf. Dr. Bell also donated all the material relating to the marriage of the deaf which he himself had collected. Miss May Martin was Dr. Fay's "faithful and efficient assistant for the past three years," and several students of Gallaudet College rendered important help in copying records and collating results.

THE death of Thomas Godfrey is a loss to the deaf-mute community of the City of Churches. Although Mr. Godfrey was a man of but ordinary education, he was possessed of a personal magnetism, a force of expression in the language of signs, and a continuity of purpose, which gave him great power and influence among his fellow deaf-mutes; and this power and influence he never abused. There was no more loyal and steadfast friend than Thomas Godfrey, there are few who have voiced their convictions with more courage than he, and none who have extended to the unfortunate that Christian charity which touches both the heart and the pocket, with less ostentation and more liberality than our friend who has just passed away. There was in his make-up no pride, nor hypocrisy, nor malice. He was frugal, temperate and industrious, and whatever he undertook engaged his utmost capacity so that it might be done well.

### National Association of the Deaf.

#### COMMITTEE ON PROGRAMME.

##### BULLETIN No. 1.

The Committee on Programme for the Convention of the National Association of the Deaf, at St. Paul, July 11-14, 1899, earnestly requests that persons desiring to read papers or present subjects for discussion will communicate at once with the Chairman. Papers and subjects will be listed in the order of application.

It is desirable that the reading of papers should not take longer than fifteen minutes, and that discussion be limited to the same time, the writer or presenter in every case to have the privilege of closing the discussion.

By order of the Committee.  
REV. J. M. KOEHLER, Chairman,  
4625 Whittier Street,  
Germantown,  
Phila., Pa.

#### A Disappointed Bishop.

The "Banbury Bun," celebrated in song and story, has sustained its reputation for more than a hundred years. Since kings have esteemed it as a dainty, it is not surprising to learn that the Bishop of Worcester, when passing through Banbury, was desirous of trying it for himself. When the train stopped at the station, the bishop saw a small boy standing near, and beckoning to him, inquired the price of the celebrated buns.

"Threepence each," said the boy.

The bishop thereupon handed the boy sixpence and desired him to bring one to the car, adding, "and with the other threepence you may buy one for yourself."

The boy soon after returned, complacently munching his Banbury and handing the threepence to the bishop, said, "There was only one left, guv'ner."

We meet men every day whose only mission on earth seems to be to take up room.

It's a great misfortune not to have judgment enough to keep silent at the proper time.

Many an orator with anti-trust proclivities would kick like a mule if his tailor held similar views.

It's better late than never, but the man who buys a summer suit in March is rather early than late.

## NEW YORK.

### The "Tangled Carrs" Was a Success.

#### THOMAS GODFREY DEAD.

#### The Haight Estate—Other Matters of Interest.

Theo. L. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 50th Street, New York City.

It cannot be denied but that the performance of "Tangled Carrs," given by the League of Elect Surds at Central Opera House last Thursday evening, May 4th, was a great success from every point of view. The "Four hundred" of mutedom composed the audience, but not more than half that number, and there was nothing, whatever, to mar the pleasure of any one. The entertainment opened and closed in an orderly way that caused general comment.

The hall began to fill early, and, by half past eight, three-fourths of the seats were filled, and, by nine o'clock, there were very few empty ones.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Wagner Carr, a Wall Street Broker ..... Mr. Thomas F. Fox  
P. Ullman Carr, a New York Lawyer ..... Mr. Charles L. Schindler  
Cabell Carr, "in the Brewing Line" ..... Mr. Theodore L. Lounsbury  
A. Hand Carr, Clerk in office of Wagner Carr ..... Mr. Alex. L. Pach  
Kabe Boose, from Callesport, Maine ..... Mr. Isaac Newton Soper  
T. Ray Carr, a Waiter ..... Mr. Frederick Hoffman  
Trolla Carr, a Niece of Wagner Carr ..... Mr. Charles J. LeClerc  
and  
VESTA BUELL CARR, FRESH FROM KENDALL GREEN ..... Mr. WILLIAM G. JONES

#### LOCALE.

Act I—Office of Wagner Carr.  
Act II—Bicycle Rest, Riverhead, L. I.  
Act III—Ante-room of the Grand Moguls Lodge Room.

#### SYNOPSIS.

Wagner Carr, a Wall Street Broker, has been engaged as financier for a Syndicate of Brewers, the manipulator of the pool being Cabell Carr. Wagner Carr has for a clerk, A. Hand Carr, and an Attorney for the Syndicate, P. Ullman Carr, is also concerned in the action of the play. Vesta Buell Carr, on graduating from college, comes to New York to find relatives at the same time that Trolla Carr arrives with the intention of going on the stage. The Carrs are not known to be related till a kinsman, Kabe Boose, comes from Maine to locate certain heirs to a Carr estate in his State. Through him the several relationships are learned, and two marriages of unrelated Carrs take place. A blundering detective on a wrong scent almost prevents this from being brought about.

The curtain rose at 8:40, with A. Hand Carr (A. L. Pach) arranging the papers in the office of Wagner Carr (T. F. Fox), who soon enters and starts with the morning's mail, and incidentally receives several telegrams from a regular A. D. T. messenger, as well as a letter from Cabell Carr, advising him of Vesta Buell Carr's proposed visit to him. Cabell Carr (T. L. Lounsbury), head of the brewing syndicate, dashes in, empties his overcoat, hat and valise into A. Hand Carr, and proceeds to business, offering Wagner Carr \$5,000 as his initial fees, and then borrows two dollars. In the meantime, the clerk has opened his valise and found a sample of the excellent brew, which he samples and pours the remainder into Cabell Carr's hat, and awaits results. Cabell Carr starts to go, but, instead of putting the hat on his head with the contents, draws out a glass that had been in the hat, and drains it much to the discomfort of the clerk. More messengers come, to which Wagner Carr says "go, take a walk," without looking at them, and when Vesta Buell Carr (W. G. Jones) enters and presents a letter, she is treated in like style, but when Wagner discovers the mistake, he profoundly apologizes. P. Ullman Carr (C. L. Schindler), a lawyer, is also snubbed with the same result. Kabe Boose Carr (I. N. Soper), a jay from Callesport, Maine, is announced and receives a royal welcome, as is Trolla Carr (C. J. Le Clerc), and with T. Ray Carr (F. Hoffman), a waiter, the characters are all presented, and after general conversation and comparison of notes with a little humorous by plays, the curtain descends on Act I with the Carrs all in a terrible tangle; having claimed every thing labelled Carr, especially the girls, and disclaimed only their identity to the Sheriff, who finally collars A. Hand Carr.

In the second act all appear in bicycle costume, including the "ladies," but excepting Kabe Boose, and the scene is supposed to be a bicycle rest at Riverhead, L. I. Love scenes are enacted, and P. Ullman who is caught on his knees before Vesta Buell pays a forfeit by ordering refreshments. Then a few by-plays ensue, each in themselves humorous as well as amusing, keeping the audience in a roar of laughter.

Trolla Carr and Cabell Carr do a courting act without a word. A. Hand Carr starts to do some tricks but gets tangled and gives up. Then follows what many decided to be the best part of the whole play—

a burlesque on Sousa's Band—with Mr. Fox impersonating Sousa, and the rest playing some toy instrument, including a large paper bass drum on a diminutive actor, with the others at a fiddle, a fife, a trumpet, and so on. Sousa is exceedingly vain and bows to the audience repeatedly, and after starting his men softly he raises the tone till his players are on the point of collapse, and then with a gracious bow to the audience he retires. His own men applaud lustily, and Sousa, thinking it is the audience, re-enters, again bows, and sets the band to work till the bass drum man collapses and fall on his drum, crushing it to a level with the floor. Sousa bows again and again, and his men try to do the same but are reproved as caught. He retires again and the applause renews, but this time he "tumbles" and refuses to play. This new innovation captured the audience and promises not to be soon forgotten. As the curtain drops the Carrs are still entangled.

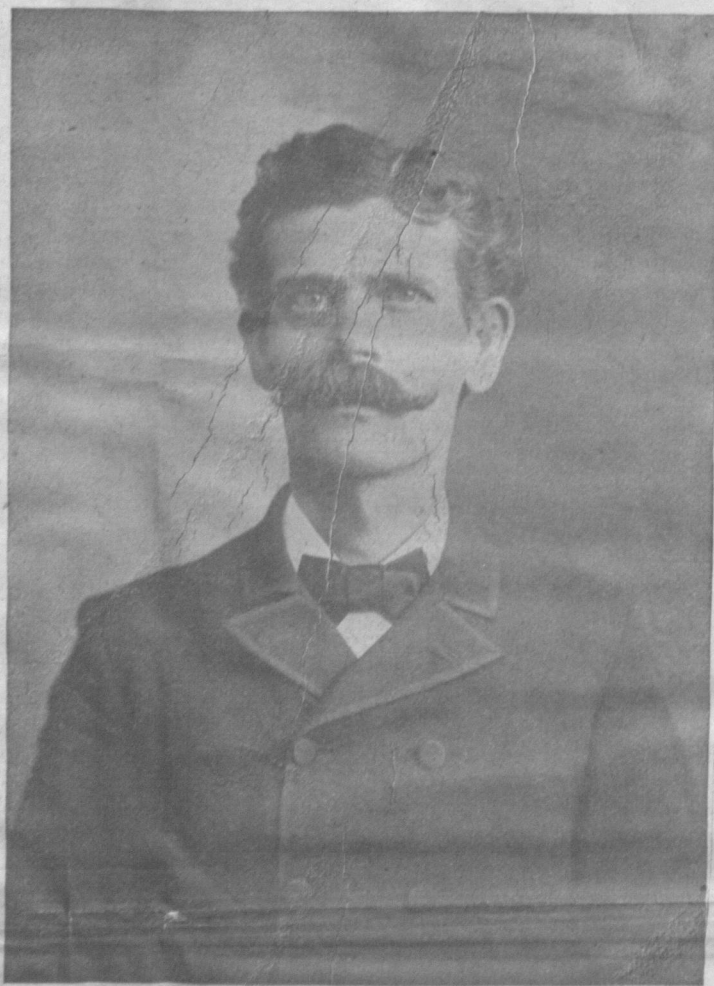
Act III. opened with most in full dress. Kabe Boose is initiated into the order of Moguls made to suffer untold torture and make vows not to do this and that, that no man would swear not to do. Vesta Buell Carr recites the Star Spangled Banner, eliciting deserv-

miliarity with female wearing apparel, and in the first act there was a deal of laughter on the part of the ladies by the way his skirt had been carelessly hitched in the rear, but they perhaps thought it a part of the play. If Mr. Jones had a smooth face he could impersonate a lady to perfection—and he did, barring that he was not a "beaut."

Mr. Fox's best hit was as Sousa and in rendering "Hoch Der Kaiser," and the joke of it, so far as the hearing part of the audience was concerned, was that a patriotic German song was played by the musician during its rendition.

Mr. Schindler carried himself with the dignity of a distinguished lawyer of the Choate-Coudert stamp, while Mr. Pach assumed the ingenuity and stupidity characteristic of the clerk and man-about-the-house.

I. N. Soper was a genuine surprise as an actor, and as a country jay played his part to perfection, both as to make up and acting; his facial expressions being in keeping with his part; his lower jaw dropping at every recital as if swallowing it whole and believing and confiding implicitly, while when he feared, he seemed to really fear, and altogether there was the country



THOMAS GODFREY.

ed applause. Trolla Carr tells of her experience in learning to ride a wheel, and made a hit that places Mr. LeClerc on the list of first rate amateur actors. "Hoch Der Kaiser," made famous by Captain Coghlan, rendered in signs by Wagner Carr, all joining in "Mienself and Gott," for a chorus. Those who understood it showed appreciation in a conspicuous way, while two staunch subjects of the Kaiser frowned and made feints of leaving the room.

Kabe Boose has in the meantime had some success in finding the heirs for whom he was searching, and it develops that Trolla Carr and Vesta Buell Carr are sisters and nieces of Wagner Carr, and that all the Carrs are related in some manner, but it was not stated, except that Mr. A. Hand Carr was Mr. Cabell Carr's mother-in-law. Congratulations followed. All joined hands and a "Coon dance" was performed, so ludicrous as to want a better term than "funny," even though it is said every actor was so funny in their carriage. They danced rhythmically and to music, when T. Ray Carr danced across the stage dragging a train of cars, and the Carrs got in behind the train and with each coupled to the other by hands over shoulders trotted out giggling, laughing and swaying to and fro to a slowly descending curtain.

Hardly anything could be said against a single one of the players. Though a few did omit a few things, these things were immaterial and from the spectators' standpoint the play proceeded without any apparent hitch, and every one of the players is deserving of credit for the zeal each put into their parts.

Considering the few rehearsals they had, the result was remarkable from the actors' point of view. When W. G. Jones and C. J. LeClerc were asked to fill the female parts, there were some who thought them misfits, but they proved the surprise of the evening. Both wore three different costumes—street, bicycling and evening dress—and both having mannish faces, they, however, succeeded in changing their faces to the gentle sex by a good use of paint, and Mr. LeClerc was so made up as to be actually pretty, and together with his superb and fitting carriage, he amazed as well as pleasantly surprised his friends. Mr. Jones does not profess much fa-

air about him that brings him his share of credit.

F. Hoffman, as a policeman and subsequently as a waiter, did his part satisfactorily, so all as it was.

After the entertainment, the people remained for dancing and social intercourse until quite one o'clock. But there did not seem much inclination for Terpsichorean indulgence in this May weather, and after a few dances, it was abandoned, and as the assemblage thinned out the few who cared to remain repaired to the hall below and stayed as late as half-past two.

During the evening Mr. M. Heyman acted as ticket seller and was faithful to his duties, while Messrs. E. Sonweine, A. C. Bacharach and P. F. Redington, acted as ushers, and Messrs. Jas. Russell, A. Capelli, Ad. Ekardt and Fred. Knox, as a reception committee.

Business Manager Hodgson, upon whom devolved more responsibilities than anyone else, was quite elated at the success of the affair; but he is not prepared to tell how many dollars are left over the expenses, but from his happy countenance one may well surmise the financial end is something of a "corker," and credit for this part always belongs to the business manager. He showed business tact in securing a minor hall in the opera house, instead of the main one for a warm season, and it proved large enough to hold the two hundred people he calculated on.

So it was all a good treat, and a richer treat may be looked for next winter.

It is with regret that a list of those present could not be obtained, as the writer was engaged on the stage. Such a list would lend added lustre to the affair, as the best families were represented, as well as all the prominent and leading deaf and many teachers of the institution.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay C. Howard, of Duluth, Minn., were there, and it is a compliment to the Surds to have Mr. Howard say that it was the best play he ever saw presented by deaf-mutes in this or any other state, at any school or even at the Gallaudet College. "There was not a dull line in it," he said, "and I am going to step on the scales to see how much I gained after this big laugh. If the scales don't prove anything, then I am my own witness that I laughed hard and continuously."

Thomas Godfrey died at his residence, 67 Emerson Place, Brooklyn, Thursday evening, May 4th, after a rather brief illness, so far as confinement is concerned, although he had been ailing for some time with what seems to be phthisis or wasting away of the lungs. His condition became serious two weeks ago, since which time he kept to the bed till the end came. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain Sunday afternoon, a large number of his relatives and deaf friend, being present, and many floral pieces placed about the casket.

Thomas Godfrey was one of the best known and best liked of the deaf in New York and Brooklyn. He first came into prominence some twenty years ago through his connection with the defunct *Leader*, edited by the late W. A. Bond, to whom he was greatly attached. Upon the death of W. A. Bond, he married his widow, and took the children to live with him; and the family was increased by a new arrival as a result of this union. But this union was finally sundered by the death of the now Mrs. Godfrey, from the same cause as that of her first husband, and which has just taken off Mr. Godfrey. Four children survive him, three of Mr. Bond, and one of Mr. Godfrey.

Mr. Godfrey was always a true, just and fair man, outspoken and fearless, and what he thought he feared not to express; what he believed he believed with all his heart; he would be converted on and subject only when convinced; and when he stood up for a cause or against a cause, he stood there to the end. Once-he uttered a remark, he stood by it, and was a fair specimen of Fitz James' defiance to Rodrick Dhu:

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."

He was respected by all the deaf, and though many regretted the policy of the *Leader*, they respected the intentions of the editor and his subordinates, even though misguided they appeared. Mr. Godfrey was always willing to lend a helping hand in any worthy enterprise, his hand delved into his pockets for the benefit of his unfortunate brethren, for the church, or for any worthy cause; and withal he was a good man in the eye of the Lord and was a strict observer of the Golden Rule, and a defender of the rights of himself or his fellows and placed justice above friendship on any and every occasion. If he had enemies, he made them by being just and true to his conscience. Not only a good husband and a good father was he, but also an upright man; he was and true to his trust in this world of God's.

#### SAY HAIGHT IS WASTING THE ESTATE.

The following is taken from the New York Herald of May 4:—

It is charged in an action that has just been brought in the Supreme Court that trust funds belonging to the estate of Mrs. Mary Ellen Haight, who died in February, 1895, leaving property in this city, are in danger of being wasted to the detriment of the heirs. Mrs. Mary L. Haight, of No. 124 West Ninety-first street, and her two daughters and son have brought suit against her husband, Henry Jansen Haight his brother, Edward C. Haight, and John L. Myers and Francis W. Nuboor, for the purpose of compelling an accounting of the estate of Mrs. Haight, and for the removal of Myers and Nuboor as trustees.

Under the provisions of the will of Mrs. Haight her fortune was left in trust for her two sons, with reversion to their children. Upon the death of the two original executors of the estate, John K. Myers and Francis W. Nuboor, who is said to be secretary to Henry J. Haight, were appointed trustees of the trust funds created under the will. They sold the property Nos. 284 and 286 Madison Avenue for \$255,000, and it is charged that they never rendered an accounting of their acts and have refused to do so.

It is alleged that the funds are in danger of waste and loss, and that they have already been in part wasted. The complaint declares that Henry Jansen Haight has practically deserted his wife and family and has squandered his means in disorderly living, that he is deeply involved in debt and that he does not appear public in this city, but spends most of his time in New Jersey. Nuboor, who is thirty-five years old and lives in Milburn, N. J., is said to be a semi-mute and under the control of Haight. The latter is also said to influence Myers. He is charged with having abandoned his duties as trustee to Nuboor, in accordance with the instructions of Henry J. Haight, who, it is charged, has wrongfully disposed of and appropriated to his own use a large part of the capital of the trust fund. The object of the suit is to compel the two trustees, and Henry J. Haight to account for the funds of the estate, and to have the trustees removed.

I Henry J. Haight has an office at No. 126 Broadway, but the papers all go that for some time he has

been living in Hoboken, N. J., absenting himself from this State, so as to avoid the service of papers upon him. The summons in an action for separation brought against him by his wife could not be served upon him personally, and an order of the court was issued for the service by publication. Judge Giegerich yesterday granted an order for the service of the summons in the present suit on the two trustees and Henry J. Haight by publication.

Rev. A. W. Mann held service at St. Ann's Sunday. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination as minister to the deaf, and the *New York Journal* devoted considerable space to an account of him and his work among the deaf, with illustrations.

A strawberry festival will be held at St. Ann's on June 15th. W. S. Abrams is looking ahead to a big gathering.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is away in Baltimore, and due to return next week.

#### BUFFALO.

Miss Mary A. Carroll, of Ashland Avenue, invited a small number of friends to a chafing-dish party, on Wednesday evening, April 26th, to meet Miss Clara Smith, of Gouverneur, N. Y., and Miss Cassie Avery, of Ionia, Mich., a hearing lady. Miss Carroll was assisted in receiving by Miss Mary N. Reilly. The mantel in the reception room was banked with pink roses and ferns. At half past ten o'clock all repaired to the dining room, where a bountiful repast was spread, to which all did justice. The table had for its center a huge bowl of American beauty roses, and poised palms were on each end. The menu consisted of chicken salad, lettuce sandwiches, shrimps, olives, ham sandwiches, cakes, coffee, ice-cream, fruit, almonds, bon bons.

Those present were: Misses Smith, of Gouverneur, N. Y.; C. Avery, of Ionia, Mich.; G. E. Maxwell, Mary A. Carroll, Mary N. Reilly, Katie Germann, and Cecilia Cornue. Messrs. Aug. Kowald, S. Weil, Wm. Haenzel, Geo. Parlour, M. Schwagler. Also the sisters and brothers of Miss Carroll. It was with regret that the following could not be present: Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, of Rochester; Mrs. A. Kowald, Misses Kowald, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of Conewango, N. Y., and Mr. Deuel.

#### BUFFALO.

Not long ago, the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. B. Lloyd was let out to enjoy himself on the street, as usual under the care of his mother, but soon slipped away and was lost in the multitude of pedestrians. Diligent search was at once made, but of no avail. So the police force was notified and found him very far from his home in two hours. His parents were, of course, overjoyed at his return.

Many of the mutes, including myself, witnessed the departure of the heroes of the battle of San Juan Hill for a bloody campaign in Philippine Islands a few days ago.

Messrs. John Young and Frank Baumgart enjoyed a dance in one of the well-known halls, two weeks ago. Wednesday before last, a social reunion was hugely enjoyed by about twenty-six mutes, in one of the pretty rooms in St. Paul's parish house. Rev. C. O. Dantzer has the reputation of drawing a large assemblage of deaf-mutes.

Mr. John Sullivan is the happy father of a male infant, who arrived at his home on the 2d of May. His wife and baby are doing well.

Miss Minnie Schweikhardt, a well-known dressmaker, made a brief call on Mrs. Jas. B. Lloyd last Sunday.

Mr. William H. Watts and wife went to Rochester, last Monday, probably with a view to visiting the Institution.

J. B. L.

#### Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

MAY.  
14-7 P.M., Cayahoga Falls. Special Service.  
17-All Day, Cleveland. Diocesan Convention.  
20-Evening, Indianapolis. Social.  
21-9 P.M., Indianapolis. Service.  
21-10:45 A.M., Indianapolis. Holy Communion.  
21-2:50 P.M., Indianapolis. Baptism.  
21-8 P.M., Jeffersonville. Special Service.  
22-7:30 P.M., Terre Haute. Service.  
26-Evening, Pittsburg. Social.  
27-Evening, Edgewood Park.  
28-Morning, Edgewood Park.  
28-11 A.M., Pittsburg. Holy Communion.  
28-3 P.M., Pittsburg. Service.  
29-7:30 P.M., Erie.

JUNE.  
2-3 P.M., Findlay. Baptism.  
2-7:30 P.M., Findlay. Special Service.  
3-Evening, Chicago. Social.  
4-10:45 A.M., Chicago. Holy Communion.  
4-3 P.M., Chicago. Service and Sermon.  
5-7:30 P.M., Grand Rapids. Service.  
6-Forenoon, Grand Rapids. Convention.  
6-7:30 P.M., Detroit. Service.  
7-Forenoon, P.M., Detroit. Diocesan Convention at Christ Church.  
7-7:30 P.M., Toledo. Service and Sermon.  
10-Evening, Columbus.  
11-9 A.M., Columbus. Baccalaureate Sermon.  
11-11 A.M., Columbus. Holy Communion.  
11-8 P.M., Dayton. Service and Sermon.  
Write to the Rev. A. W. Mann at Gambier, Ohio.

Nora Thomas has sued for divorce from Charles H. Thomas. They were married in 1386. She charges absence for three years. He is now at Victoria, Texas. Tuller & Hunter, attorneys.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.



## FANWOOD.

### Exercises and Tree Planting on Arbor Day.

### THE "INVINCIBLES" NOT INVINCIBLE.

#### A Number of News Items.

The exercises in observation of Arbor Day, Friday, May 5th, were most appropriately arranged, and carried out with the least possible interruption to the regular school routine.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, the pupils and teachers assembled in the Chapel, and witnessed an address by the Principal on the State law which enjoins a proper observance of the day in all the schools of the State of New York. He spoke on the preservation of our forests, and the great influence which the multiplied production of trees have on the material welfare of the entire population. Reverting to the potential influence for good which such observance exerts upon the hearts and lives of children, he indicated that in planting and caring for flowers, shrubs and trees, and in protecting the birds, children learn from Nature a most valued lesson, and their thoughts and lives are made brighter and happier. It was, therefore, peculiarly appropriate that the program be so arranged that the little ones take the chief part.

The Principal further announced that, owing to climatic conditions, it had been found necessary to plant the trees in advance of the day, and they would be formally adopted in loving remembrance of Mrs. Terry, and Mrs. Allen, two members of the Ladies' Committee of the Institution, recently deceased.

A class of little girls from the Kindergarten were then taken to the platform and recited orally some short sentences about trees, plants, and blossoms, holding the fruit blossoms and leaf buds, which they described, in their hands. The pupils of the first grade recited "The Finger Play of the Garden Bed," manually, led by Katie Christman. They illustrated the words with pretty and appropriate gestures, describing the preparation of the soil, planting of seeds, and the growth of plants.

Four little girls from the second grade described some uses of trees, holding the objects, for illustration, in their hands. A flower game, conducted by Edna Bennett, was the last exercise. Six little girls were chosen to represent flowers in a flower bed, and three other little ones were chosen for birds. Edna was the faithful gardener who cared for the flower bed, watering the plants from an imaginary watering pot, and describing each action during the game, both orally and manually. At the close of the game, the little ones who represented the birds, spread their imaginary wings and flew over to visit the flowers, and the gardener very politely offered some of blossoms to the audience.

Upon the conclusion of the exercises, a representative was selected from each class, and Miss Montgomery was chosen as the representative of the instructors, and, preceded by the flag bearer, marched from the chapel to the school building, and thence to a spot near the main gate, at which the trees had been planted in a line with the Fancher tree. They stand at the northeast of the main road, in this order from the gate: Fancher Tree, Allen Tree, Terry Tree.

At the trees, the exercises were:

1. TREES & FLOWERS IN SPRING TIME. (Kindergarten Children.)
2. Adoption of and naming the trees.
3. "America," in concert. Choir and Pupils.
4. Salute.

Meanwhile at the Maudson House, in the Male Kindergarten Classes, a second series of exercises were being carried out as follows:

- II. TALK ON TREE-PLANTING. By Mr. Van Tassel.

2. Speech exercise by eight boys of Miss G. Straker's. Vegetables and Fruits—such as Cabbages—grow on bushes. Grapes grow on vines. Peanuts grow in the ground. Beans grow in the pods," etc.

- III. KINDERGARTEN SONG BY ALL.

"Over there the sun gets up,  
And marches all the day;  
At noon he stands above my head,  
At night he goes away."

- IV. SPELLING BY FIVE BOYS.

"All the birds and bees are singing,  
All the trees are full of joy;  
Every little flower is happy—  
It is lovely May."  
The birds and bees and flowers all say  
It is lovely May."

- V. SPEECH RECITATIONS. By Frederick Fancher and Albert Downs.

- VI. FLOWER EXERCISE. By nine little boys from Miss Peck's class, each representing a spring flower.

- VII. SENTENCES ABOUT FRUITS, spelled by Mr. Van Tassel's boys.

This concluded a most beautiful and impressive celebration of the day, and one that brought profitable enjoyment to young and old alike.

If one or two of the hundred and fifty boys, who were yelling in the basement, where they had assembled to wash themselves on Saturday last, over the victory our team had won over the "Invincibles" from St. John's College, had had their ears suddenly opened by a miracle, they would undoubtedly have plugged them up in some way or other, the noise was so shrill. It was a great victory for the Fanwoods. The game was clean, fast, exciting and interesting, throughout. Many old graduates and a host of people from the village nearby were assembled on the grounds to witness the game. The score was 8 to 3. The "Invincibles" came all the way from Fordham, N. Y., in a strange wagon. Below is the game by innings.

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Capt. Rappolt, 3b.,	5	1	1	1	0	1
H. Munn, s.s.,	3	1	0	1	0	0
J. A. Eilfen, 1.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0
S. J. Dyer, 2b.,	4	3	2	4	1	0
F. Bachman, r.f.,	5	1	2	4	0	0
T. G. Cook, c.,	5	0	2	13	2	0
G. Duane, c.f.,	4	2	2	1	0	0
W. Brown, 1b.,	4	0	1	6	1	0
E. Ellis, p.,	4	0	2	2	4	0
Totals,	39	8	13	27	9	2

INVINCIBLES	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Hiser, c.,	5	1	2	6	2	1
Kelly, r.f.,	1	0	0	1	0	0
Munn, 1b.,	5	0	0	7	0	1
Dyer, 2b.,	5	0	0	0	0	0
O'Brien, 3b.,	5	0	0	3	0	0
Degman, 1.f.,	3	1	1	2	1	0
Hesley, 3b.,	4	0	0	2	0	0
Murray, s.s.,	2	0	0	4	0	0
McLaughlin, p.,	3	1	0	1	2	1
Totals,	33	3	5	24	10	2

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
INVINCIBLES,	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	3
FANWOOD,	0	0	1	0	2	1	3	1	8

Earned Runs—Invincibles 1, Fanwood 4. Left on bases—Invincibles 13, Fanwood 11. First base by Errors—Invincibles 3, Fanwood 3. Base on balls—McLaughlin, 4; E. Ellis Jr., 9. Wild Pitches—E. Ellis Jr., 2. Balls—McLaughlin, 1. Hit by Pitched balls—By N. Y. City, and Unknown, 1. Struck out—By McLaughlin, 6; by E. Ellis Jr., 15. Two-base hits—Hiser, Bachman, Cook and Duane. Three-base hit—E. Ellis Jr. Double play—Dyer, unassisted. Passed balls—Hiser, 3. Wild throw—J. A. Eilfen. Time of game—one hour and 55 minutes. Attendance—250. Umpires—W. Abrams, N. Y. City, and Unknown, of Invincibles. Scorer—H. Heerde, of Fanwood, A. A.

Mr. William Boswell, a deaf-mute graduate of Frederick, Maryland, school, who says he is a mail-inspector in the New York Post-Office, made this Institution a visit on Thursday last, and, taken through every building by his old chum, 1st Sergeant William Brown.

Among those who attended the entertainment and reception of the League of Elect Surds from this Institution were, Misses Steadman, George, Wells and Forsythe, Tutor Shanks, Messrs. Lynch, Duane, Eilfen and Brown, on Thursday last.

The Fort Washington road which runs through the grounds of this Institution, is about to have a water main.

Raymond Beecher, the hall boy of this Institution, has a "dollar watch" and is very proud of it.

The Proteus was launched on Thursday last, and for the first time the members of her crew had a pleasant row on Saturday last.

A tablet is about to be put up somewhere on the walls of this Institution, in memory of Mrs. Anna Turner, who died a few years ago. Mr. Ford, a director of this Institution, has offered a prize to the pupil who will prepare the best inscription, and another prize for the best design for the tablet.

Miss Cora Low and her friend, of Ellenville, N. Y., came all the way from that place to see how Ellis played ball, and to watch the game itself.

The sewer on 165th Street has been completed.

Prof. Jones entertained the Fanwood Literary Association with a long and interesting reading of "Cyrano De Bergerac" on Saturday evening.

Miss Peck gave a birthday party to one of the small boys at the Mansion House, one day this week.

Corporal Stephen Hannon went to St. Luke's Hospital to see Cadet Freilewh, who is a patient there, on Tuesday last.

The baseball team of the Massachusetts, U. S. N., team, will probably play a match game of baseball with the Fanwoods, at the Bailey Grounds or Navy Yard, Brooklyn, next Saturday.

Principal Currier officiated in the chapel Sunday morning, and gave us plenty of good advice. Prof. Jones conducted the afternoon service.

Miss Camille Meyer, a pupil of Fanwood, went to New Orleans to see her parents on Thursday last. She has not been home for two years.

Mr. Jeremiah Drumm, of Portchester, N. Y., a former pupil of Fanwood, was here for a short time on Sunday last.

EMIL MAYER.

### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

MAY 14TH, SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY 3 P. M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York City.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.  
Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh.

Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes.

Mr. John Vieta, of Oberlin, O., will leave on the electric road for Cleveland, Saturday night, May 20th, with a view to effect the organization of a club for the purpose of making arrangements for the picnic during the coming summer.

## CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

### Prof. Draper Lectures on "War and Literature."

#### ONE-LEAGUE GAME LOST.

#### Athletics and News Items.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1899.—The second meeting of the "Lit," for this term was held Friday night, the following being the program:

LECTURE: "Literature and War," Prof. Draper, '73.

DEBATE: "Is the Military and Naval System of the United States Superior to that of England?" Affirmative: Messrs. Hemstreet, '01 and Lawrence, '02; Negative, Messrs. Swanson, '01, and Painter, '02.

DIALOGUE: "The Building of Cloud-Cuckoo-Town." Messrs. Braithwaite, '01, and Allen, I. C.

DECLAMATION: "The Deacon's Master-Piece," Mr. Hughes, '02.

Prof. Draper's lecture was very interesting, agreeing in every respect with the purposes of our society, which are purely literary, a fact which some of us seem to overlook sometimes when choosing subjects for our programs. He said in part that W. D. Howells, one of the greatest writers America has produced, is quoted as saying that war is an enemy to literature. He may have been misquoted or only in part, but if correctly quoted, there would seem to be some error in his view.

A necessary and righteous war produces noble literature; a selfish or sordid war produces either no literature or a selfish and sordid literature. Literature in a high sense, is not all that is printed, but that which will live.

War is not parade, but fire, desolation, disease and death; it is cripples, orphans, widows, beggars; it is debt, taxes, pensions; it is deceit, pillage, violence to home and women—it is crime and misery of every sort—in short, as a soldier wrote yesterday from the Philippines, and as one of our greatest soldiers has said, "war is hell, and you cannot refine it."

Now if any nation engages in such an evil unnecessarily, or for any but the noblest motives, the hearts of its poets and writers, which are sensitive only to high and pure motives, cannot respond; their song are hushed—their pens are laid aside till happier times.

But if a nation is forced into a just and righteous war, the hearts of the poets and of the writers are kindled as much as those of the warriors, and they hasten to pour their out in deathless verse and prose. We need not go beyond our own history to show this true. History is void of passion and partiality; it writes unflinching truth; it finds no just cause for the Mexican War, for example, and, accordingly, that war has not left a line of noble literature.

Again, less than forty years ago the nation was plunged in civil war. It proved the greatest, bloodiest, costliest war the world has ever seen—a war so vast that to-day we are paying taxes to the amount of between 150 and 200 millions of dollars on account of it every year—more than Germany pays for its great standing army. In that war both sides believed themselves engaged in a just and righteous war; but those who sustained the Union side were animated by three powerful and pure motives: (1) that they were defending the nation against attack, (2) that they were striving to preserve the nation from dismemberment, and (3) many, though it was not avowed, realized that they were fighting against human slavery. All these were motives "to touch the deep poetic heart," and finely it responded: Lowell with the "Bigelow Papers," Longfellow with "The Cumberland," Whitier with "Barbara Frietche," and they and a host of others with other prose and verse that will live forever. Here he told the story, so familiar to us all, of how Mrs. Julia Ward Howe came to write the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

None of us will be famous in war. We may hope that some of us will be in literature; we all love our country, and we all love literature. Let us therefore hope that our country may never enter upon a war save such a war as our writers will be swift to support with noble prose, and our poets to crown with "immortal verse."

The debate was a flat failure as far as the affirmative side was concerned. The leader on that side only remained on the platform a moment or two, and declined to respond at all when his time came, so there was nothing for the judges to do but give their decision in favor of the negative.

Our base-ball team has been somewhat unfortunate the past week. We lost to the University of Maryland, as was expected. But the score, 6 to 4, gave abun-

dant satisfaction to every Gallaudet student. It demonstrated the fact that our team ranks with any of the "big ones," for Maryland played Georgetown, the undefeated college team, a close game the Saturday before, the score being 15 to 14. The Maryland boys said that if Gallaudet could get a game with Georgetown here on our own grounds, that we would defeat her, but that no team could hope to vanquish Georgetown on her own grounds. Many people have begun to suspect the truth of this. Georgetown will hardly play Gallaudet this season though. They have dates that they might give us, but they don't seem very anxious to do so.

The game Wednesday with Maryland, was a lively contest from start to finish. The visitors got no run until the fifth inning, when they got one. Gallaudet scored once a home run by Waters in the second, but not again until the eighth, when she got one more run. Meanwhile Maryland had scored three more runs, placing her two runs ahead of Gallaudet. The last inning was the most exciting part of the game. Maryland made two runs in her part of it. Gallaudet did likewise, and at one time it looked as if we might win, but the fates seemed against us. The features of the game were the home runs of Waters for Gallaudet and of Alexander for Maryland, also the long distance batting of Maryland, she making three three-base hits and two two-baggers.

Waters was in the box for Gallaudet and upon the whole seemed better than his opponent, but Gallaudet, while she got one more hit than Maryland, did not place them so well or send them so far, and that is just how Maryland won.

GALLAUDET.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stutman, 3b.,	5	1	1	6	2	0
Bumgardner, 1.f.,	5	1	2	3	0	0
Davis, s.s.,	5	0	3	0	0	0
Rosson, r.f.,	5	0	0	2	0	1
Andree, c.,	4	0	2	7	1	1
Waters, 2b.,	4	1	1	0	2	1
Brooks, 1b.,	4	0	0	10	0	0
Gellfuss, 2b.,	4	0	2	1	3	0
Chambers, c.f.,	4	1	1	1	0	0
Totals,	40	4	12	27	13	3

UNIVERSITY OF MD.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
M. Whitehurst, 3b.,	3	0	0	2	5	1
J. Whitehurst, 2b.,	5	1	2	0	0	0
Alexander, c.,	4	2	1	3	2	1
Radcliffe, 3b.,	5	1	2	3	1	0
O'Donnell, 1b.,	4	1	2	14	0	0
Smith, 1.f.,	5	0	1	1	0	0
Brooks, p.,	5	0	2	0	1	0
Richardson, c.f.,	4	0	2	0	0	1
Williams, r.f.,	0	1	0	0	0	0
Houston, r.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	38	6	11	26	11	3

\*Andree out, hit by batted ball.

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
GALLAUDET,	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	4
UNIV. OF MD.,	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	2	6

Earned runs—Gallaudet, 2; Maryland, 3. Two-base hits—Gallaudet, 1; Maryland, 2. Three-base hits—Maryland, 3. Home runs—Waters and Alexander. Stolen bases—Gallaudet, 3; Maryland, 3. Double plays—O'Donnell, unassisted. Bases on balls—off Waters, 7; Struck out by Waters, 8; by Brooks, 3. Passed balls—Alexander, 2. Time of game—two hours. Umpire—Mr. McQueeney, of Eastern High School.

We've lost one League game. That was to Washington College at Chestertown Saturday. Our boys had to travel to Baltimore by train, thence across the Bay by boat, and then had to ride ten miles through the country, and were in consequence in no condition to play such a strong team as the one they were to face. But our defeat lies more in the inability of our men to hit the ball than in their inability to put out the other side. We have nineteen strike-outs against us in this game, and we got only two hits to Washington's nine. Rosson pitched a good game for Gallaudet, but was not equal to his opponent in the striking out line.

GALLAUDET.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stutman, 3b.,	4	0	0	3	3	0
Bumgardner, 1.f.,	4	0	0	5	0	0
Davis, s.s.,	4	2	1	2	0	0
Rosson, p.,	4	1	1	5	0	0
Waters, 2b.,	3	1	1	0	0	0
Brooks, 1b.,	4	0	0	8	1	1
Gellfuss, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	1	0
Chambers, c.f.,	3	0	0	1	0	1
Totals,	32	3	2	27	10	2

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Ward, 1.f.,	2	2	3	2	0	0
McDermid, 3b.,	5	0	0	0	1	1
White, ss.,	5	1	0	1	0	0
Wheatley, c.f.,	5	2	2	0	0	0
Townsend, p.,	5	2	2	1	0	0
Marine, c.,	4	0	1	15	5	0
Harris, 1b.,	4	0	3	8	0	1
Goldsborough, 2b.,	4	0	0	2	1	0
Clogg, r.f.,	3	0	1	0	0	0
Totals,	37	5	9	27	8	3

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
GALLAUDET,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	3
W. COLLEGE,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	3	5

Two-base hits—Harris. Bases stolen—Gallaudet, 5; Washington, 4. Bases on called balls—off Rosson 3; off Townsend 2. Bases on hit by pitcher—Ward and Rosson. Struck out by Rosson 5; by Townsend 19. Passed balls—Andree 1 and Marine 4. Time of game, 2 hours and 10 minutes. Umpire Riley.

The loss of this game, however, does not materially lessen our chances for the championship, as all the other colleges have each lost a game, and the only two likely to stand on the same footing with Gallaudet at the finish are Johns Hopkins and Maryland Agricultural College, both of which Gallaudet has already beaten. There will likely be a tie game to be played with one or the other of these colleges.

The standing of the colleges as ascertained to date:

	WON	LOST	PERCENT.
Md. Agr'l College	3	1	75
Gallaudet	2	1	66 2/3
Johns Hopkins	2	1	66 2/3
W. Md. College	1	1	50
Washington College	2	2	50
St. John's	0	4	0

## CHICAGO.

### An Oratorical Contest is Suggested.

### LOOKING FOR CLUB ROOMS.

### To Send a Delegate to Paris—Paragraphs of Interest.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

Those who attended the Illinois Alumni Convention here a few years ago will remember that back room overlooking the theatre, from which the proceedings, with Frank Ross Gray wielding the gavel, could be watched with interest.

The recalling of this pleasant incident was made when the Pas-a-Pas Club held its business meeting there the first Saturday in May. It is a pity the theatre and its back room are rarely used by the deaf. Will somebody start the ball rolling by getting up an oratorical contest, the orators to come from around Chicago, as decided by the merits of their orations? If one will go over the whole country, he can think of a bakers' dozen who, with the graceful mastery of signs and of the English language, can render orations worthy of packing the Handel Hall theatre from pit to orchestra. There would be a fine chance for the old gladiators of the "Lit" to meet in the arena of oratory and for self-taught "dark horses."

If Judge De Coursey had looked into the meeting, packed from one end to the other, he would hardly say that the club was on the decline, and that, *au contraire*, it was going up the other way.

The lively topic of the evening was about the club's "local habitation." Mr. Dougherty moved that the club sign a years' lease with the owners of Handel Hall. This was done in order to prevent the club from being boosted around so much and perhaps be boosted out altogether, but it was defeated. This seemed to indicate that the sentiment of the club was towards securing new quarters. Mr. Regensburg moved that a committee of seven be appointed to secure quarters along Wabash or Michigan Avenues up to 12th St., which was seconded and carried. Thereupon, the President appointed the following Committee: Messrs. Kaufman, Chairman, Carroll, Liebenstein, Dougherty, Carroll, Gallagher, and Kleinhaus with the mariner's compass in hand and followed by Gallaudet's dog, the committee will begin house-hunting as soon as possible. An eye will be kept for a room for a billiard table, as the boys are sadly in need of practice before encountering the "Knights of Cue" on the way to St. Paul.

The Entertainment Committee announced that the best thing ahead was the Decoration Day exercises on May 27, and that an unique program was being arranged. There being no arrangement for May 13, your correspondent announced that he would "set the ball rolling" as far as raising funds towards the Paris-delegate project, by giving a lecture at Episcopal Club Rooms on May 13. The subject will be *Quo Vadis!* It was suggested by reports in the JOURNAL of its success in Boston, by classmate Harry White, and in Philadelphia (?) by Mr. Lloyd. *Quo Vad*



## ST. LOUIS.

The Diamond Jo Line of steamboats are now leaving St. Louis twice a week for St. Paul. The fare is \$28.00 for the round trip, including stateroom, berth and meals. Tickets are good returning until October 15th. The trip up the river, including stops at the more important points averages four and a half days' time. The return trip being with the current is made somewhat quicker. The river route to the St. Paul Convention has many attractions, and it is thought that a good-sized party may be formed to make the trip from this point.

The annual business meeting of St. Thomas Mission Committee and congregation was held on the evening of the last Friday in April. The annual reports of the minister and of the treasurer were read and discussed, and will be published in the Cathedral Year Book the latter part of this month. It was decided to commemorate the anniversary of the organization of St. Thomas' Mission on May 30th, with a social, festival or fair. The committee has not yet finally decided what sort of an affair the anniversary event shall be.

President Gallaudet was in Detroit recently on business, and received an urgent invitation to extend his trip to St. Louis. The press of duties at home in connection with Presentation Day exercises prevented his acceptance. However, he has promised to make St. Louis a visit next year, and there is some consolation in that fact in our present disappointment.

Mr. Edward J. B. McCormac, of this city, and Miss Alanda P. Gruenewald, of St. Charles, Mo., were united in marriage on the afternoon of April 26th, at the Bo-finger Memorial Chapel, the Rev. J. H. Cloud officiating. The bridal couple were assisted by Mr. Christopher Ohliger and Miss Frances Drowski. A large number of relatives and friends of the contracting parties witnessed the beautiful ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. McCormac will make their future home in St. Louis.

At the May Public Opinion meeting last Friday evening, there was a good average attendance, and the usual interesting discussion of current events. The bulletins published by the local committee of the St. Paul Convention were referred to in most favorable terms.

Mr. James S. Chenery is now a proud father, and his numerous friends are accordingly showering their congratulations upon him. The son and heir is a native of Alpena, Michigan, but will probably take up his permanent residence in St. Louis early next Autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kerney passed through the city a few days ago, on their way to their home in Decatur, Ill., from Florida. They had planned to spend a few hours between trains with friends at this point, but they did not reach the city on time, to the disappointment of all concerned.

The Annual Outing of the St. Louis Day School will be on May 29th, at O'Fallon Park, the weather permitting.

Mrs. J. H. Cloud and children are visiting relatives in Taylorville, Ill.

The Louisvilles, with Mr. Hoy, are due here May 15th.

## REPLY TO A CRITIC.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 1, '99.  
E. A. HODGSON, Esq., EDITOR,  
"DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL," New York City:

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—After reading the criticism in your paper of Miss Hypatia Boyd's sketch, "A Plea for the Deaf," I cannot resist the earnest desire to beg of you the kind privilege of a few words, so that Miss Boyd's attitude need not be misunderstood among your readers. From the tone of the criticism, I fear the critic misinterpreted the spirit in which the Plea was written. In writing the Plea, Miss Boyd never in any way intended to be unjust, injudicious, and guilty of the sin of belittling her fellow-sufferers. On the contrary, she was prompted to the preparation of her sketch by purely altruistic motives, with the main intention, first of educating the public regarding the capabilities of the deaf, as she clearly sets forth in her introductory paragraph, and secondly, not only in the hopes of securing employment for several deaf-mutes, but at the same time to encourage the deaf to "still bear up and steer right onward," by citing examples of some of those who have succeeded.

While Miss Boyd has witnessed the struggles of certain local deaf-mutes, she has never yet come across one who literally "failed," for, as Miss Boyd reasons, "there is no failure save in giving up, and no defeat except from within." George Eliot says, "the only failure a man ought to fear, is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best." Our disappointments, our obstacles and hindrances, are like unto a whirling potter's wheel, which gradually forms and strengthens our character, teaches us patience and forti-

tude, and above all increases our faith in God, as well as our fear of Him, who is a righteous Judge. God afflicts us so that His works might be made manifest in us, and "all things work together for good to those that love God."

Although it is quite true that hearing people are far more fortunate than we are, yet for us, it is an unspeakably blessed thing to be able to enjoy the eloquent beauties of nature, and by means of the eye, to hear her speak in her various languages. Truly, we have much to be grateful for, and we would rather be deaf than be blind.

In closing, the critic declares that every deaf person, "who slurs or belittles others of their class, whether from motives of jealousy, or 'virtuous indignation,' ought to be pilloried at St. Paul when the next Convention of the National Association of the Deaf assembles." The use of the word "pilloried," to my mind, is a too painfully repulsive one. It suggests one of the brutal usages in vogue in the era of the Thirteen Colonies, and in itself the custom was a relic of barbarism and thoroughly disgusting to sensitive, sympathetic natures. I do not think such deaf as the critic mentions, would be benefitted by being subjected to a pillory. Rather, do I think they need something more in accordance with benignant civilization. They require a friend of an altruistic character, one who knows how to soothe others and to fill their hearts with encouragement and hope. In short, moral sunshine is best awakened by kindly and sympathetic measures, rather than such a repulsive method as the pillory, which the critic mentions.

MALCOLM.

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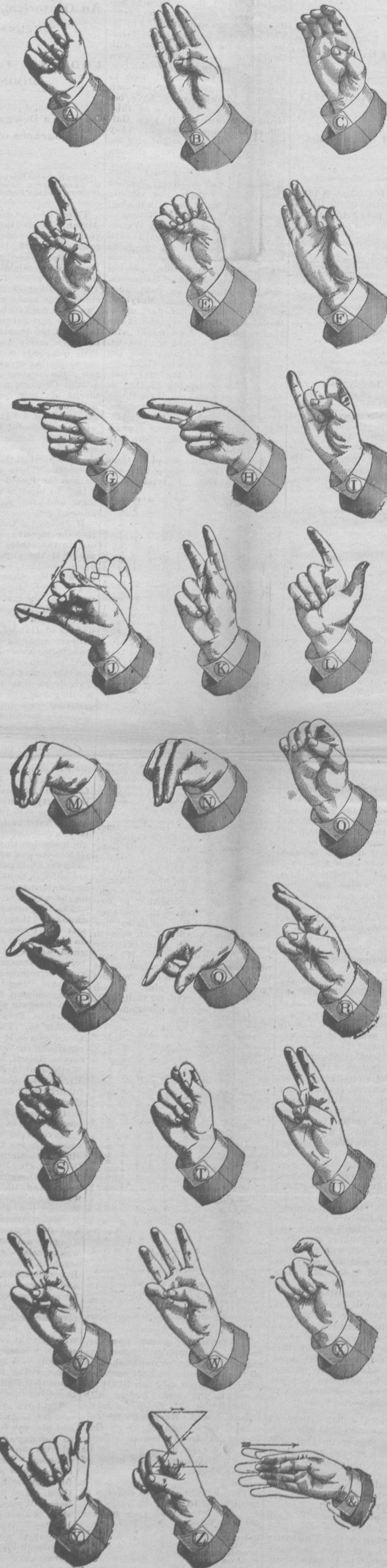
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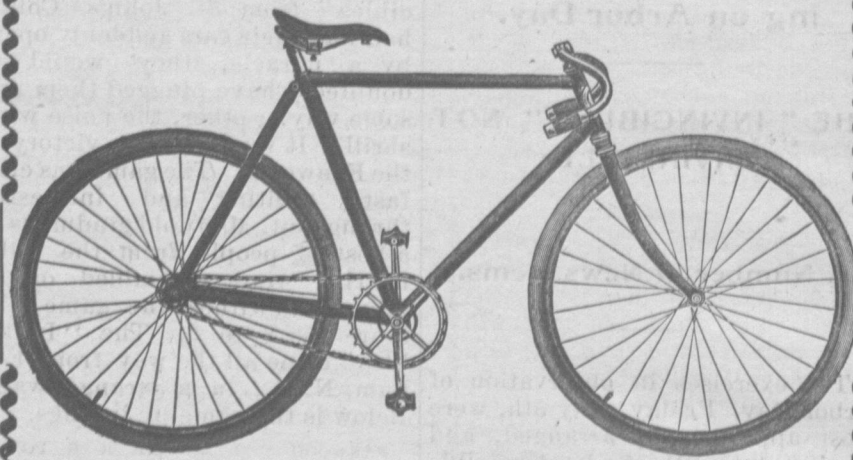
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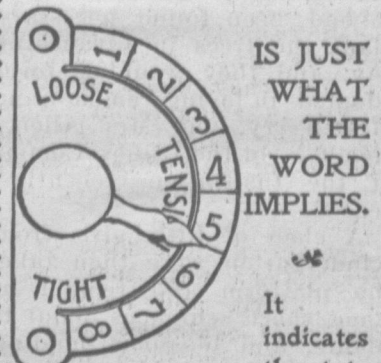
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